The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

A Tabernacle Among Himalayan Pines

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The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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SOUL AND BODY

ALL RELIGIONS admit that the world we dwell in, and wherein therefore we have to practice our religion and realize its end, is partly spiritual and partly material. They do indeed differ as to the number of spirits present in matter. Hinduism, e. g., and its "heresies," attribute to the souls of plants and animals the same spiritual nature that they grant to the souls of men. The other great religions, on the contrary, hold that animal and plant souls are specifically inferior to the human soul which alone is spiritual. But all religions agree that there are in the world spiritual souls and that the good of these spirits is infinitely more important than the good of the matter that surrounds and embodies them.

Philosophers also, either of the East or the West, support this contention. The best Hindu systems, the "Samkhya-Yoga" and the "Vedanta" in all its forms, aver that matter, in so far as it exists at all, exists wholly and exclusively for the end of the spirit ("parusa-artha"). Western philosophy also from Aristotle and Plato to Bergson grants to matter but a lower kind of existence, as the instrument, more or less serviceable, of the spirit.

The good of the world must therefore first and foremost mean the good of the spirits in the world, the good of the souls of men. It is therefore, on this good, primary and eternal, that religions must concentrate their most strenuous efforts.

Still they should never forget that, in order to promote the good of men's souls, they must also care for man's material well-being. On this point true religion must energetically oppose two contrary modern errors: the error that matter, material things and material progress are of so little permanent importance that religions—which only care about the eternal—need not trouble about them; and the error, no less fatal, that matter and material progress are so important in themselves that they must be promoted for their own sake and entirely apart from any ethical or religious consideration.

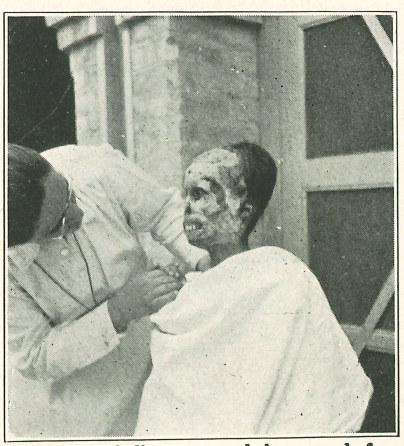
Those two errors lead to the same conclusion, that religions must keep their hands off material well-being and confine themselves to the strictly spiritual, "to temples, churches and sacristies"—a conclusion most deadly for both religion and material progress.

The men responsible for the first error are those whom we called the religious snobs, the ultra-spiritual. These are so convinced of the supremacy of the spiritual over the material that they despise the material and will have nothing to do with it. They conveniently forget the tremendous influence which, in this world at least, the material exercises over the spiritual.

This influence was summed up long ago in the famous saw that *primum est vivere et deinde philosophare* that "man must live before he can philosophize at all." Taken in its most literal meaning this principle is of course evident. Before turning the child into a philosopher (or a religiously minded man) you must first have the child.

But the principle is also true in the much broader meaning that our material state and circumstances condition to a great extent the exercise of our spiritual capacities. In man at least, sound mentality presupposes a sound brain, sound nerves and, if not exactly buoyant health, at least, what the ancients would have called a happy equilibrium of bodily humours. Who will reckon all the religious aberrations and hallucinations whose only cause was underfeeding and all the spiritual trials and temptations whose root cause was mere neurasthenia?

So much for the influence of our bodily constitution on our spiritual development. But the impress of the material on the spiritual does not stop there. Every aspect of our social and economic condition affects or may affect our spiritual life. To think mostly of others and of God, as religion requires, we need leisure—which means time to think at all—and at least occasional relief from pressing material anxieties—means time to think



Indian Catholic woman being cared for in body and soul at our hospital

of others than ourselves. The abject poverty which is still the lot of the millions is as great an obstacle to a life of unselfishness as the excessive wealth of the few. For if too much of the goods of this world easily beguiles us into the snare of easily procurable pleasures, too little of them entangles us in the thousand meshes of a continued anxiety for means of daily sustenance.

True religion has thus to insist on a fair sharing of the goods of this world, on decent wages, on healthy dwellings, on limited hours of work and sufficient hours of leisure, on education, on freedom, on peace among individuals and among nations, on the observance of private contracts and international treaties, on all that is needed in order that each individual may have time to devote to his spiritual good and that of his neighbour. And for all these things religion should care as much and even more than do professional economists, politicians and sociologists. For religion sees at stake in them the spiritual and not merely the material welfare of mankind.

Of true religion then as of the true humanist there must truly be said that "all that concerns man is also its concern." To try, as the ultra-spiritualists do, to restrict religion to the exclusive domain of the spiritual is to try to separate what God and Nature have joined together. It is also, as consequences prove, to compromise true religion and true material progress.

For it is to the carrying out in practice of this narrow view of religion that, to a great extent at least, is due the advent of that other attitude of mind which, as we said, religion must also resolutely oppose. It is because so-called religiously minded people have refused to grant any importance to material progress that other people have come to attach too great an importance to it.

The reaction was unavoidable. If the religiously minded will make light of the material, social and economical good of mankind, others will take interest in it. If religion pretends to be no more than the science of the soul and of its good, men will invent other sciences dealing exclusively with the body and its good. We shall thus have materialistic economics. And if, worst of all, whilst pretending to give guidance and inspiration towards both material and spiritual progress, religious in fact busy themselves exclusively with the spiritual, cloaking their neglect of the material under the deceiving pretext that it is less important, then we must expect the advent of systems that not only seek to do what religion neglects but positively try to get rid of religion as a fake and a pretence—opium meant to send men asleep whilst they should brace themselves up to the task of remedying evident material evils.

Hence much of the materialism of today. Hence Bolshevism which, as Berdiaeff who delved perhaps deepest into its philosophy declared, is but the curse or recoil brought on itself by a Christendom that failed to accomplish its social task.

God forbid that we should condemn the thoroughly natural love of humanity that often inspires those that have embraced those unnatural systems. That love, as we have seen, is the very essence of religion. Besides, as often as not, it is from the religion they once held but now fiercely attack, that both materialists and Bolshevists borrow it—the root of all religion still surviving in their soul after they have pulled down the tree. What we condemn is their false conception of religion and material progress.

True religion is not what they fancy or perhaps witness it to be. It is no means of spiritual self-seeking. Its first and last commandment is to serve God by serving the world. Read the decalogue which summed up the much decried Jewish religion. Only three of its commandments refer to God (and must we not first worship God if we want to love the world unselfishly?). The seven others commend a service of the neighbour, mostly negative indeed but for those primitive times very effectual. As to Christ He announces that on the last day He will judge us according to what we have done not to Him personally but to Him in His human brethren: feeding the poor, succouring the prisoners, consoling all in all their afflictions, procuring the good of the body therefore as much as that of the soul. St. John in his turn declares that we cannot really love God whom we do not see unless we love—effectively love—the neighbour that we see; whilst St. Paul writes on charity a hymn of praise that has never been surpassed in beauty and sincerity and St. James declares that "religion clean and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulations and to keep oneself unspotted from this world."

If some, if even millions of Christians have not followed this ideal, the fault is theirs and not

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ASSUMED

By Mary Emily Shapcote

As Sleep, to thee came Death; and when for thee
Death-slumber closed thine eyes, Death ceased to be.
Nor calm decay, nor age, nor malady,
Nor base infirmity had wasted thee;
It was the Voice of Jesus, calling thee.

Lily of Paradise, oh, fittingly
Thou in the garden-shade wert bound to die;
The Church was busy; all around would be
Her trophies and her triumphs, yet was she
Unconscious of her fairest victory.

For who, O Queen, is this awaiting thee?
Who cometh in the twilight seeking thee?
Who knocketh at thy door? No Angel He
Who opes thy tomb, though Angels sing of thee
Scattering thy bed with roses, daintily.

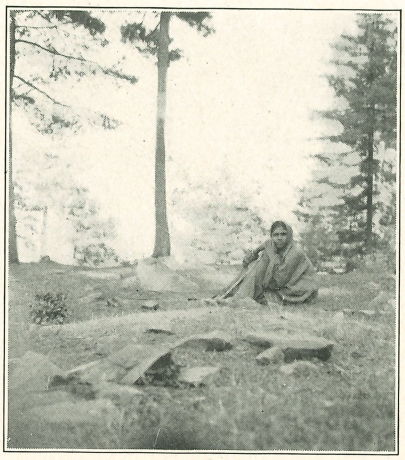
Lo, from the sunlit Orient cometh He,
Thy Soul's beloved: He hath awakened thee,
And thou art risen. He hath quickened thee;
And from the desert, lo, He leadeth thee
In beauteous glorified Humanity.

MEANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY

A MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION*

DR. ANNA DENGEL

ON THE mountain plateau of Osia in Central Asia 6,000 feet high, a shrill, loud, lugubrious, penetrating and long-drawn-out voice calls out at break of day—"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," and the sons of the prophet, really and truly, rub their eyes, rise from their string beds and wend their way to the mosque. And that, day after day. We saw it with our own eyes, as our improvised dispensary was just above the mosque. This summons to prayer by human voice goes out four times more in the day and every time a group collects and goes through the prescribed series of prayers and movements. The latter must be exact; otherwise, the prayer has no value. And what about the women? They pray at home while the men are in the mosque. They also have to bend and prostrate although the ritual is slightly different from that prescribed for the men. If by chance, the devout adherent of the Crescent is not able to leave home or is on an errand of business or even minding his flock, he prays wherever he is, taking the sun for his clock.



A Shepherdess in the Murree hills near Osia

We never made a tour through the village in the morning as we were busy in the dispensary and from the verandah we could not observe any special activity. The fields were already planted with corn, also hill rice, and if I remember correctly, potatoes. Whilst we did not see men on the job, we saw girls fetching water, carrying it home on their heads in earthen vessels, and boys and girls driving the cattle out to the pastures. In the afternoon we usually had something definite in view, so that our days passed swiftly and interestingly.

A Tour Through the Village

Below us was the mosque, as mentioned before, and the schoolhouse for boys, which was formerly the Dak bungalow when the old Kashmir road was still in use. The spring is actually under the floor of the schoolhouse but the water is piped to the village green just below. There one can see the village maidens beat the clothes at any hour of the day and chatter away gayly. The topics we could only conjecture; we fancied that if the surroundings could speak probably very few village secrets would remain unrevealed. The village green is patronized mostly by the little boys. One day we watched them at their sports under the supervision of a master. They were as nimble and agile as squirrels.

The road to the village and through the village is hard on one's shoes, to say the least; and to try to save them by going in a conveyance is out of the question as no conveyance could stand the ruts and holes, the stones and the blocks. One could ride, it is true, but horses seem very scarce. While we were in the village, the commissioner pitched his tent some miles away. A deputation of the village elders called on him to petition for a better road as the most urgent necessity. They claimed that if they had a road on which a truck could reach the village, they would be in touch with the world. They could begin to grow fruit and to think of producing other things for marketing; and they could have more ready access to medical aid. One reads of the splendor of the Moghul times. This road was the one used by the mighty emperors and their retinues, on their annual holiday expedition to the paradise of Kashmir. Although the road may have been in good condition then, yet, how far from the excellence of the roads at our convenience!

At the very entrance of the village is a little shop which we never patronized but the owner saluted us every time we passed, mainly, I think because we had stitched up the scalp of his little girl who had made a good rip in it by falling against a stone. This man was a huge fellow—a picture of health, strength, and height such as I had never seen before. I asked him to let me take his picture. He said it was forbidden by the Koran. Two young Mohammedan boys who were with us at the time said, "He is a Mullah (Mohammedan priest) and old-fashioned. It is this type of men which prevents us from progressing, but we don't mind them."

Not far from his house was a big weight, I do not remember of how many pounds, but anyhow, beyond the strength of the average mortal. Apparently it was there for the gymnastics of the village braves. We asked the Mullah to lift it for us. He stretched his huge arms, rolled up his sleeves and with a tremendous swing lifted the heavy load and held it aloft for a while to show

*Continued from the May issue.

us his strength. We were told that men in this region eat a pound of meat at one meal, seeing him I could easily believe it. Although most of the women suffered from under-nourishment, there can be nothing fundamentally wrong with the simple food of these people if it produces men of this type; provided of course, that they actually get it in sufficient quantity, which apparently, many do not. The Prefect Apostolic, Right Reverend Monsignor O'Donohoe, said that the men of these mountains were the finest physically he had ever met.

There were quite a number of other Mullahs in the village, we were told, but only one official one. He was a young man of fine features, very respectful and apparently very simple. His wife had high fever for several days, so every time we passed through the village we went to see her. The poor woman seemed very patient and was ready to do anything to get well. The glands in her neck were swollen but apparently not tubercular, a condition I noticed in many other cases. Plenty of medical research possible in these regions! Before our arrival, the husband went to the nearest town and described as best he could the symptoms of his wife and returned armed with a bottle of clear, crimson medicine, most tempting to the eye—but, Oh, to the taste—a good, strong mixture of quinine. The native doctors are masters in coloring medicine as well as using psychology in other matters. The room in which the patient lay was large, bright, airy and very clean. The wall had floral designs made by the womenfolk and there were little table covers and other evidences of handicraft around. Everything seemed propitious for the patient's recovery except one thing, found everywhere in India: the patient does not have any peace, so many women and well-wishers around all the time. How the poor patient gets rest or sleep at least during the day is a puzzle to me.

Next door to the Mullah was a walled-in complex of houses. We were asked to enter. We had to pass a couple of fierce looking dogs; fortunately they were chained and caged. Then we were led to a room which seemed like an oasis of luxury in this mountain ruggedness. Along the walls were comfortable armchairs and seats upholstered with red velvet and the walls were hung with tapestries and trophies from Bagdad. The owner, a pompous ex-military man, who receives a monthly pension on account of some service rendered by his father to the Government, keeps his womenfolk behind walls, to show his superiority. His wife, or one of his wives, seemed to have tried the major portion of the native and British pharmacopiae, but apparently it did not give her any pep—a thing which she seemed to have possessed in a good measure, and lost for some reason or other. Was it the purdah which sapped the strength of this woman of fine physique or was it something else? Probably she keeps on enriching the quacks until she is convinced that it is her fate to be strengthless. The mother-in-law, a voluminous old lady, profited of course, by our presence, asking about the cause of her rotundity. We could not blame her for asking such a question, for after all what did she know of calories and suchlike. To prescribe a slimming diet and exercise to a well-to-do purdah lady would be a waste of precious advice.

(*To be continued*)

R. I. P.

Father Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C.

The death of Father Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., President of Notre Dame University, has found an echo of sympathetic condolence in all hearts at the Catholic Medical Mission House. Father O'Donnell's part in the foundation of our Society is the reason for this special interest on our part.

As provincial of the United States Province of the Congregation of Holy Cross, in the Spring of 1925, Father O'Donnell was Father Mathis' immediate superior. In that capacity he had the vision to approve and the courage to use the influence of the Congregation of Holy Cross to sponsor this project with ecclesiastical authority and through Father Mathis to take an active part in the founding of the Society and its spiritual care.

As an expression of our gratitude, we sang a requiem high Mass for the peaceful repose of his soul at the time of his demise. We are happy to take this occasion to express anew our gratitude to the Congregation of Holy Cross for all it has done for us and to beg our friends to join us in prayerful remembrance of the gifted and holy priest, Father Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. May he rest in peace!

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Bishop asked every one to make reparation."

Sr. Frances also writes about Rev. Father Troy's visit: "Coming at this time of the year he saw real mission life. He stayed over night in one village, where there were two Indian priests. They gave him the choice of sleeping on the verandah or in the compound. The latter was cooler, they said, but they did not sleep there themselves as three cobras had been found there the week before. Father chose the verandah!"

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Spiritual reading in a shady nook

Washington

WASHINGTON is a good place to test one's fitness for a tropical climate. If one can work away patiently during the heat waves, it augurs well for a future missionary to the Orient. Nevertheless, one greatly appreciates cool breezes and the inviting freshness of the ocean. Nearly every year Providence has come to our rescue and provided a week or more of change and rest by the sea, but never so wonderfully as this year. Reverend Father Conroy, the pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Brookland, himself put a cottage at our disposal in his own camp in Southern Maryland for the whole season. It has a waterfront of a mile or more and acres and acres of woods. The Nanjemoy tribe of Indians used to live here; and on the coast opposite in Virginia, early Jesuit missionaries, we were told, found a martyr's death.

The annual cherry card party which took place on Saturday, June 9, 1934, at the Medical Mission House, closed the season of the Washington Auxiliary. St. Peter very kindly held the flood gates of heaven in check until the crowds assembled and despite the sudden downpour the party, ably directed by Mrs. Elmer Reinoehl, was enjoyed by all. We are very grateful to those whose cooperation made the event a success, especially the members of the auxiliary. They have worked untiringly during the past year aiding us in our work. We extend to them our most heartfelt thanks.

Rawalpindi

Sister M. Laetitia writes: "Last week I saw a miracle of prayer occur in our hospital. We had one of those usual dreadful obstetrical cases. Dr. Atkinson was trying her utmost but the patient became pulseless, ice cold and was actually dying.

"We all gave up hopes but kept on giving stimulants and saline. We prayed for all we were worth and promised the Holy Souls a Mass. Well, the patient went home today, absolutely fine. We told her husband who is a very nice Sikh that nothing but prayer saved his wife, the mother of several children. He looked at us very seriously for a few moments and then said: 'Yes, I saw her when life had left her body. And then he departed, bestowing blessings and Kashmiri cherries upon us.

"I have never seen a deader patient come to life again; neither of us have, not even cholera patients. It's great work."

Dacca

"Three nurses went to Calcutta recently for their midwifery examination," writes Sr. Helen. "Too passed and one failed. . . ."

"We had a distinguished visitor here this evening—Rev. Father Troy, director of the Propagation of the faith of St. Paul, Minn. He has been touring India for the last three months, mostly the southern part. He thinks that the Bengal Mission Field is the most difficult one because there are no good roads. Aeroplanes, he suggests, should be provided for the missionaries. He leaves for China tomorrow."

Sr. Frances writes us a sad story:

"Nagari had a terrible experience two weeks ago. The tabernacle of the Holy Cross Sisters' chapel was broken into by dacoits. So far they have not found them. The Sacred Hosts were strewn over the floor, the ciborium and other objects which they considered of value were stolen. Sunday was Dacca's day of Adoration so the

(*Continued on page* 5)

INDIAN ZOOLOGY

By ELEANORA STERN, M. D.

DON'T be afraid, kind reader, this is not a tedious, scientific treatise upon the fauna of the tropics. Nor will you find much about elephants, tigers, king-cobras, etc. Perhaps, sometime ago, I might have had the opportunity of making my journey from Bombay to Calcutta on elephant-back, fighting with tigers; I had to be content with a commonplace (and dirty) train and instead of tigers I fought with less dangerous coolies who wanted to overcharge me for my luggage. Maharajas, they say, prefer motor-cars to elephants. They can only be found in zoological gardens, nowadays. I mean the elephants and tigers of course, not Maharajas; though there may be some around for I heard recently from one of my friends that one of her friends was eaten up by a tiger. Nevertheless, I want to write about the animals which are found in every day life but are usually overlooked by foreign authors.

Hinduism imprints her characteristics on the smallest details of daily life: this is clearly defined in her attitude towards animals—or at least you would think so! Love for animals and regard for animal life in theory, but rarely in practice. The Jains are real lovers of animals and would not hurt any living creature. The Jain priests bind a cloth before their mouth for fear of swallowing a mosquito or a fly; they seldom bathe, because they might destroy the little organisms in the water. (I quite agree with them as far as the swallowing of mosquitoes and flies is concerned.) For the same reason they don't eat raw fruit, nor do they eat after sunset.

I knew a very intelligent Jain youth once, who had read the Holy Bible. One day he said to me: "You want to convert us? Then why do you write such terrible stories in your holy books? For instance, I read in the parable of the prodigal son that the father gives an order to kill the fatted calf and make merry. The poor little calf!"

"But," said I, timidly, "it has no immortal soul."

"How do you know?" said he. "Yes, it has, just like you and me. We always keep a cow in our families and the head of the family has to feed her because this is a sacred duty. Once, my uncle, the head of our family, went out early in the morning to feed the cow. He was very sleepy and fell asleep leaning on the neck of the cow. We found him thus an hour later and the cow had not moved! Wasn't she sweet?"

I admitted that she was indeed extremely kind and considerate. "But," said I, "excuse me . . . hm . . . what about fleas and other parasites . . . you know what I mean?"

"If somebody gets my fleas," answered he firmly, "it is his own fault, because he is not clean and therefore should bear the consequences. Why try to kill them?"

In many parts of India people are strictly vegetarians; they would not even eat eggs. The Bengalis eat fish, mutton, and goat. It happened once that for two months I had to live on Indian food. I was served fish and crabs day in and day out. Sometimes on big feasts they surprised me with goat-curry. It occurred to me that there must be plenty of fish in the waters of Bengal. To eat fish-curry twice a day is high living luxury, I should say. In one of the Jain temples there is a pond; the fish in its waters are supposed to come up when called. I called them in six European languages and two Oriental ones, and finally in my own dear mother tongue, but they wouldn't come—not they!

So much for principles. Now let us begin with the animals themselves. To be systematic, let us begin at the top with the monkeys. There are seven wild, or free monkeys living in our hospital. Nobody invited them but they took up their abode and spend their time in stealing patients' food. I wanted to make friends with them, but was tendered a cool and reserved reception. Moreover, I was emphatically discouraged both by them and by persons whom they had bitten on previous occasions. It is astonishing how human they are! They search as cleverly for parasites in each other's fur as the *mehtranis* (sweeper-women) do in their leisure time. They must not be killed, no, they are the sacred animals of Hanuman, the monkey god.

Then there are the sacred cows. They look very mortified. Indeed, you can count all their ribs. They enjoy the greatest respect and free-

. . . He was panting for breath

dom; they walk around the best places of Calcutta on the Chawringhee and Esplanade, but the population forgets to feed them. The poor creatures rummage around in the refuse with the pariah dogs and the crows, messing it all over the street. Early in the morning I am always in a state of great anxiety for fear of committing sacrilege by stepping on their most holy tails. If they die a natural death the old scavengers,—the old crows, kites, and vultures, come and act as undertakers. One can see them banqueting on the dead cows, dogs and cats; and I saw them banqueting on my own curry and rice when I left the room for a moment.

There are the jackals, too, even on the outskirts of big cities. I heard them the first time in Dim-Dim near Calcutta. It was early evening. The full-moon had risen behind the palm trees when they began their dismal chorus. It was a mixture of howling, barking, and miauing. They came nearer and nearer towards the light in an ever tightening circle. Frightened they drew back again. Their silhouettes ran over the moonlit plain and disappeared in the darkness. There is something so mysterious about them and they reminded me of all the weird stories I ever read.

Let us proceed now to the reptiles. I am sorry I haven't met any snakes as yet. Nor have I made acquaintance with the crocodiles called "ghariyals." I was told that there are plenty of them in the Ganges and that they often go ashore to take a sun-bath. I hoped to meet one when I went boating on the Bura Ganga in Dacca, but the boatmen said they come only as far as Narayanganj. The only time I ever saw one of that variety was in the Indian Museum of Calcutta and it was stuffed. There I read that it is supposed to eat dead bodies, because bracelets and human hair were found in its stomach. I couldn't get further information as to whether the person was dead before having met the "ghariyal" or not. Anyhow, it doesn't seem advisable to bathe near them. If one can't find crocodiles, there are plenty of big, fat porpoises in the Ganges. They make somersaults over the water like their delphin brothers in the sea. Their ugly noses are almost a yard long—you can see them stuffed in the museum. Excuse my mentioning them here among the reptiles. They are mammals and so are the "flying foxes" which are in reality huge bats as big as hens but as they resemble dogs they are called by this name.

Don't let me forget the little lizards which crawl around the walls and catch mosquitoes. They are harmless and clever, but undesirable when they drop on your neck. There are two of them and a little bird which come home every evening exactly at six. I like them, especially the bird. What I objected to and very strongly, was a stray cat who presented herself as my room-mate with her whole family!

One hears much about mosquitoes, but they are not half so bad as the American chigger. The ants are rather a nuisance. Put a little food on the top of a high cupboard and in a few minutes the clever little creatures have organized a whole procession to it. One has to put plates of water under the table legs and cupboard to keep the thieves out, or one has to consume the provisions. The other day I received some paprika from my home—real Hungarian paprika, hotter than any other spice. After a few days I saw the little beasts feasting and making merry in it,—*and they didn't even sneeze!*

The zoological garden in Calcutta is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Everywhere there are ponds amidst palm trees and tropical flowers. There I saw tigers indeed. They felt very much at home. But the polar bear! Can you imagine a more miserable creature than a polar bear in a tropical country? He was emaciated, perspiring and panting for breath. I met there an American, too,—an old buffalo. He looked rather homesick. And there is also a baby hippopotamus in that zoo, and beautiful paradise birds, parrots of all colors and shades.

I still want to mention that all the animals are smaller here than in the North. As compensation, cockroaches are twice as large. I might mention other representatives of the animal world of India, but am afraid it would be against good taste.

SOUL AND BODY

(*Continued from page* 3)

their religion's. Others at any rate have followed it, from the first Christians who gave all they had to the poor down to that young archduchess and richest heiress in Europe who but a few years ago became a Little Sister of the Poor. Why condemn the spiritual ideal because men are in general too carnal to realize it fully?

And especially why suppress that spiritual ideal altogether and substitute to it a purely materialistic one? Why because men cannot all be angels try to turn them all into beasts? For beasts we become if you suppress our spiritual aspirations, if you starve our soul while taking even infinite care of our bodies.

But no one can quite starve our soul. It is immortal. It will always seek a why and a wherefore of things. It will always ask why it has to struggle and labour, and why its body has also to suffer and to die. Religion explains all that. Materialism explains nothing. Like a huge and soulless machine it drives men on towards what it pleases to call welfare and progress, whilst unable to tell them why and what they should allow themselves thus to be driven for. This may satisfy men for a time as "bread and the circus" satisfied for a time the decadent Romans. But the time will come when the masses will realize that they cannot live on bread and circus alone. They will again want a spiritual ideal for which they can live and die. Was not the era of Roman decadence followed by the era of the martyrs and the triumph of Christianity?

REV. G. DANDOY, S.J.,
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